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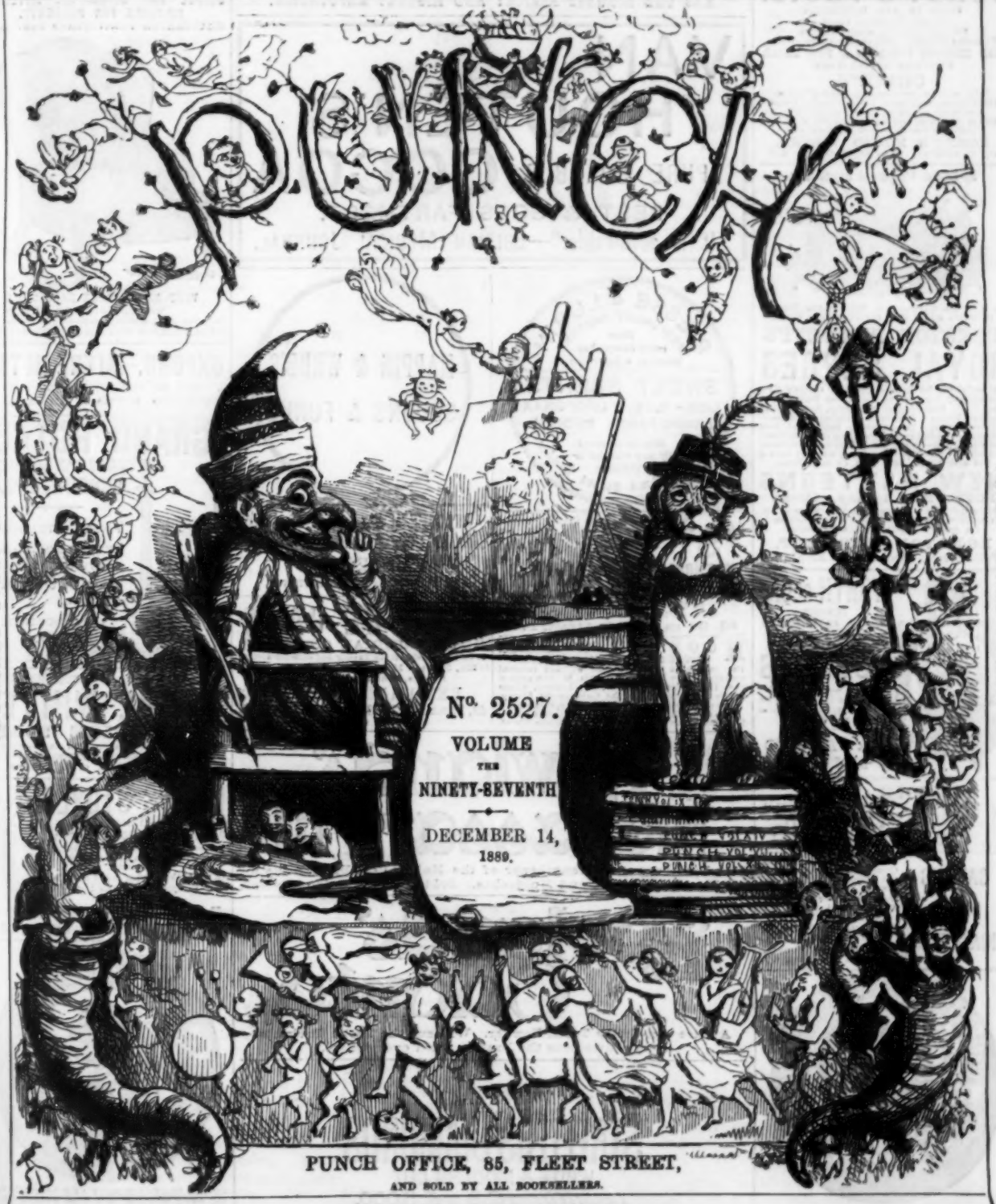

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UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.

XIV. (PART FIRST.)

"LONDON is not *all* lurid, e'en by night;
There glow some scenes of gladness and delight,
'Midst all its desert dimness,
And sombre suffering. Must our steps unseen [ful mien,
Haunt only companies of mourn-
And scenes of spectral grimness?"

Wearying of woeful sights my shadowy guide
I thus addressed. Slow smiling, he replied,
"Good friend, you sought revealing [secrets, those
Of night-roofed London's sterner
That darkness-lovers from its honest foes
Find interest in concealing.

"They who love darkness rather than the light,
'Because their deeds are evil,' woo the night
In this wide-stretching city.
It is no chaste Diana gleams upon
The lifting lids of young Endymion
In London,—more 's the pity!

"You weary of long-suffering loneliness
And of gregarious vice, gloomy no less,
For all its surface glitter?
Friend, this is not the Athenian wood, nor I
Its merry Puck. In mirth I cannot vie
With that nocturnal flitter.

"There are no mysteries in the truly gay,
And honest gladness, open as the day,
Needs little night-unveiling.
Nocturnal businesses are far from few,
Many may intermittent seem, but two
Are pauseless and unfailing.

Pleasure's gay flock to Feed and to Amuse
Are Night's twin-tasks. Its revelling Comus-crews
Still swell in zeal and number.
Ever the two keen cravings are awake,
For food and fun; the slaves of pleasure break
Upon the realm of slumber.

"Look on these shifting scenes!" I looked and saw
A chaos of mad mirth, whose sole fixed law
Seemed limitless indulgence.
Here footlights glowed, there dancing jewels gleamed, [streamed,
Yonder o'er feeding hundreds gas-jets
A ruddy-flamed effulgence.

Venus Pandemos in her every guise,
Light-vestured, venal, flew before mine eyes,
Flaunting factitious roses.
Here vulgar-bold, there virginal of mien,
The one presiding priestess of the scene
In swift metempsychoses.

"There," said the Shade, "the Paphian pirouettes
To please the gallery. How the goddess whets
The gods' esurient senses!
Pink-hosed, provocative; the arts employed
By this cheap siren of the stage are void
Of hypocrite pretences.

"Yonder the crafty Cyprian takes the shape
Of decent daintiness, which art can drape
To more seductive splendour [lies
Than Cnidos knew. How soft the lacework
On her chaste breast! How pure those azure
Those scarlet lips how tender! [eyes;

"Her portrait, side by side with poets, seers,
Royal princesses, local pulpiteers
And priests, you 'll find adorning
The albums of suburban Philistines.
The night-star of Belgravia mildly shines
O'er Clapham in the morning.

"Bohemia now with old Bœotia dwells
In mutual amity. If gossip tells
Tales of Pandemos, verily
It is *sub rosâ*. How demure she looks!
Welcomed in boudoirs, eulogised in books,
The Cyprian fares on merrily.

"No mirth in this, my friend? Must all mirth run
Like shallow streamlets sparkling in the sun?
Fribbles love not the ironic.
Would we *could* make pure comedy of Life,
But whilst its farce with tragedy is rife
Laughter will seem sardonic."

La reine s'amuse!—the Pandemonian Queen,
Whose spirit rules o'er every shifting scene
Of this gay panorama.
Dancing or dining, shrilling cynic song,
Or lounging, *très décolletée*, through the long
Wild wastes of scenic drama.

La reine s'amuse—a little; then is led—
For goddesses now hunger—to be fed.
Not on Olympian diet;
Ambrosial dishes and nectarean draughts
Might suit the deities of the bolts and shafts,
Lapped in Elysian quiet.

But these would not subserve *our* Cyprian's need;
Nay, nor support our modern Ganymede
(A millionnaire, or nearly).
Behold his clients thronging half the town!
Their cravings to allay, their thirsts to drown
In oates and *crus* costs dearly.

Whilst vulgar Venus topes the modest malt,
The polished Pandemonian makes assault,
With lips of lustrous scarlet,
On "beaded bubbles, winking at the brim."
What if Amphitryon be a "masher" slim,
Or squat shop-keeping varlet?

What if the banquet at saloon or club
Be spread, or laid at *restaurant* or "pub"?
Aristocratic ichor
And proletariat are alike in this,
They need to supplement "Amusement's" bliss
With the delight of liquor.

"A contrast this" (the Shadow said), "and foil
To the too sombre worlds of greed and toil,
And solitary sorrow!
Here light and laughter wait on Pleasure's Queen. [scene,
Why look to-night behind the glittering
Or question the to-morrow?

"The Cyprians flourish, and the Caterers thrive,
And eager myriads, in this monster hive
Of drones and drudges, cluster
Beneath, behind, beyond this dazzling show,
Follow me, friend, if you indeed must know
The morals of the muster."

(To be continued.)

LONDON IMPRESSIONISTS.

"FIRST impressions are everything!" would appear to be the motto of these clever but unconventional artists. It is a good motto, but sometimes "Second thoughts are best" is a more useful one. Why not organise another band of painters, and call them the "Second-thoughtists?" If some of the gentlemen who exhibit at the Goupil Gallery would join such a society, they would doubtless achieve distinguished work. "*The Marble Arch*" and "*The City Atlas*," by SIDNEY STARR—who by the way is a bright star in the Impressionist firmament—are full of truth, and have an absolute London tone about them, but they want carrying further—we do not mean out of the Gallery—that is, they require more finish and development, if they are to hang within the range of ordinary eyesight. The same may be said of "*A Spring Evening in the Row*," by GEORGE THOMSON. It is excellent in intention—the artist's intentions are strictly honourable, but they are not sufficiently defined. "*Pretty Rosie Pettigrew*," by P. WILSON STEER—a pleasant steer-eotype of beauty—might be called "Pretty Rosie Largergrew," for she appears to be over life-size, but there is admirable colour and masterly brushwork about this picture. "*The Three Public Houses: Morning Sunlight*," by P. F. MAITLAND, *is* sunny—but was the subject worth painting? The same may be asked with regard to the various Music-hall studies—full of cleverness as many of them are, by WALTER SICKERT. Charming in colour and tone is "*The Cinder Path*," by BERNHARD SICKERT—but we are angry with him for not elaborating his subject. Indeed, most of the pictures of this school give one the idea, that the artist has with enthusiasm dashed off a sketch, then become tired of the subject, and did not think it worth while to trouble himself any farther.

If these works were hung in a gallery, with a rail to prevent the spectator approaching within twenty feet of the canvas, they would be vastly effective. If they are to take the place of ordinary pictures, it is absolutely necessary they should conform, in a degree, to the recognised rules of Art. There is so much talent, so much daring unconventionality, and so much thinking for themselves, about this school, that, when they have sown the wild oats of the palette, and abandoned the Bohemianism of the brush, we shall doubtless find they will give us work that is not only original, but great.

"THE LORD MAYOR WILL OBLIGE AGAIN, GENTLEMEN!"—We have heard of a Dancing Chancellor, but a lyrical Lord Mayor is undoubtedly a novelty. We are glad to hear that his Lordship's brave example is likely to be followed. It is whispered the Town Clerk is an excellent tenor, that the Singing Sheriffs are admirable, that several rare *alti* have been discovered among the Aldermen, that the Common Serjeant is good at a comic song, and that a large number of carolling Common-councilmen have tendered their services. Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN is, it is said, hard at work upon a "*Corporation Cantata*," which will soothe the savage breasts of Civic malcontents, and help to promote harmony during the Musical Mayoralty.

THE MISCHIEVOUS MONKEY.

A NEW SONG TO A VERY OLD TUNE. AIR—"*Billy and the Butterfly.*"

MR. JACKO, the Ape, was a troublesome chap—
Hepity, lepity, lee!
And would always be playing up pranks with a map—
With a high dumble, dumble, derree!

"Odds bobs!" cried the Ape, as he jumped on a chair—
Hepity, lepity, lee!
"The African Map is again hanging there!"
With a high dumble, dumble, derree!

So away scrambled he, till at length he did perch,
Hepity, lepity, lee!
Near the map, and for something to spoil it did search—
With a high dumble, dumble, derree!

He discovered a bottle of very black ink—
Hepity, lepity, lee!
Says JACKO, "Odds bobs! this will do it, I think!"
With a high dumble, dumble, derree!

And he snatched up a pen, did this mischievous chap—
Hepity, lepity, lee!
To scrawl "Annexation" all over the map—
With a high dumble, dumble, derree!

But in writing the Ape met with little success—
Hepity, lepity, lee!
But he sputtered the ink, and he made a great mess—
With a high dumble, dumble derree!

And when Mr. BULL came along with a stick—
Hepity, lepity lee! [quick—
Poor JACKO the Ape had to move double-
With a high dumble, dumble derree!

Odds bobs! cried the Ape, Mr. BULL is a bore—
Hepity, lepity lee! [sore—
And he took to his heels, feeling dreadfully
With a high dumble, dumble derree!

MORAL.

An Ape should not sprawl or spill ink on a map,
Though that Ape be a smart Portuguee.
Take a hint from friend *Punch*—JACKO, there's a good chap—
Or look out for the stick of J. B.

SOMEBODY'S DIARY.

Monday.—Rather pleasant day. Inspected seventeen Regiments of Nigger Infantry. Not quite up to the Tenth, but did fairly well. Coming home, the horses frightened by the massed bands. Escaped with a shaking.

Tuesday.—Very agreeable morning! Attended Durbar of Native Princes. Didn't understand speeches, but clearly complimentary. Returning to tiffin, slipped down a precipice. Fell on my feet.

Wednesday.—Quite nice! Joined a game of Polo. Lot of swarthy chieftains deeply interested in our proceedings. Illuminations. Horse shied at fireworks. Dismounted unexpectedly. Flustered, but up again.

Thursday.—A real good time. Went out tiger-shooting. Found myself under man-eater. Equerry shot him. So nothing more serious than a tumble.

Friday.—Jolly fun! Opened new bridge across river (forget name, but something ending, I think, in "pore"), and called it Albert Victor. Just before dinner, slipped into the water. Fished up all right.

Saturday.—Went to see some elephants tied up. One fierce old Jumbo charged me, and I had to jump about as if I were dancing the polka! Hot work, but all right in the end. Looking forward to next week's "novelties" with pleased curiosity. One consolation—lots of good subjects for the illustrated papers!

A FIRST LORD'S SONG.

"Lord GEORGE HAMILTON certainly knows how to blow his own trumpet."—*Pith of Admiral Hornby's Letter to the Times.*

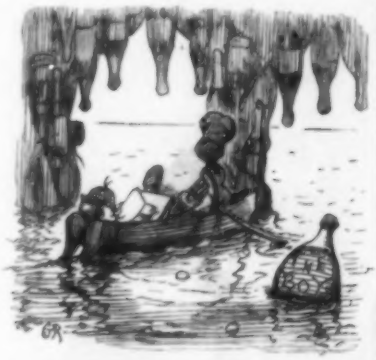
YEHO! my boys. Avast! Yeho!
I think when all is said and done
That I my trumpet p'raps can blow
As forcibly as anyone.
For what is the good of a Naval Lord
Who can't play a trump for himself and the Board?
So when I want to boast of our speed,
Of what's elsewhere done I take no heed,
But quietly quote, without a smile,
Our sixteen knots on the measured mile.
I vaunt our ironclads ready to fight,
And so they are, if they meet a foe,
Of British pluck one can't make light!
No matter, my boys; far away they go!
But show me the subject a First Lord shuns!
Why, would you believe it, my boys, avast!
I'm ready to point with pride to our guns,
And vow they're the best that ever were cast!
And if now and then they happen to burst?
When they do, well, I look out for a squall.
I shan't be the last, I am not the first
To hear that old story told at Whitehall!
So here while I'm in my present place,
I pretty well know what the public heeds:
I meet every charge with confident face,
And loyally back up the Navy's deeds!

A "FINANCIAL CRISIS."

Visitor (to her friend, a Transatlantic Cousin, who was trying on new Costume). "A PERFECT FIT, DEAR!" *Cousin.* "AH!—NOTHING TO THE 'FIT' MY HUSBAND WILL HAVE WHEN THE BILL COMES IN, DEAR—YOU BET!"

IN TWO PIECES.—Seldom has the Stage boasted two pieces of such equal merit as *The Gold Craze*, at the Princess's Theatre, and *Madcap Midge*, at the Opéra Comique. They have the same motive—an innocent man accepting the onus of the crime of a guilty one. The heroine at the Oxford Street house is that charming actress, Miss AMY ROSELLE; and in the Strand appears another charming actress, Miss LOUISE LITTA. Mr. J. H. BARNES, in the North, is balanced by Mr. ARTHUR WATTS (as "The Living Skeleton") in the South. Both pieces, too, on their first night, were received with the same public recognition, and they are both likely to secure an equal amount of success. Again, there is a quaint sun in the *Craze*, and a mirth-compelling moon in the *Midge*. The heroine of the first obligingly sings a song, and the heroine of the second as obligingly dances a dance, and plays upon the banjo. What further attraction can be needed? Well, on these occasions, wouldn't it be pleasant if we could have our cigars and coffee, or other beverage, Music-hall fashion? If Mr. PINERO will permit.

LETTS' Diaries of all sorts and sizes." Book-Letts for general use." Domestic Diaries, useful for cooks and housekeepers, may be remembered as the 'Ouse-and-the-'Ome-Letts.



Our Special Artist, Rip Van Drinkle, inspired by the example of another Special on the *I. L. N.*, visits Les Caves de Pommery.

Rip Van Drinkle, O.S.A., is received by the Emperor Rheo Boam, Empress Jerri Boam, Crown Princess Quart, and H.R.H. the Imperial Pint Prince.

View of Rip Van Drinkle's Quarters (Camping out) "the morning after."

JOURNAL OF A ROLLING STONE.

SECOND ENTRY.

GOVERNOR still curiously anxious that I should "do something practical, at least as a stop-gap." Feel inclined to be disrespectful, and to say—but don't—that I should quite enjoy getting some kind of work "as a stop-gabble."

"Your old Cambridge friend BLOGGINS," he proceeds, "has adopted the scholastic profession—become a schoolmaster at Wantchester, he told me. *Why should not you do the same?*"

Just to pacify the Governor, who is so impervious to reason, I go and call on FLEECEM and JINKS, the great Scholastic Agency firm, and ask if they have any good berth now vacant at a Public School.

FLEECEM (or is it JINKS?), who has an oily manner, but a roving eye (an eye that seems to dwell on anybody he is talking to as if he, the stranger, were quite an unimportant feature in the general landscape) begins to read out from a ponderous tome some of his "places."

"Ah!" he says—"I've got something here that I think will suit you. It's a first-class place—a sort of prize of the profession—and I shouldn't mention it to everybody."

I express suitable gratitude, and he goes on—"Wanted—by the commencement of the Summer Term, in a capital school on the salubrious Lincolnshire Coast, a Master of high character and good attainments. The Master will be required to live with the Principal, to take the boys to Church on Sundays, and to play the usual games on week-days." FLEECEM looks up, fixes his eye for a moment on the leg of an adjoining chair, and asks "what I think of it?" I don't think much of it.

"Lincolnshire?"—I ask. "I don't know of any celebrated school on that coast. Are you sure it's a *Public* School?"

"Oh, yes," replies FLEECEM, cheerfully, "quite public. Any boy can go to it. Never knew the Principal refuse any boy yet"—and he grins.

"*And* such a wife!" he adds. "Between ourselves, Principal manages school, wife manages Principal. I would back that woman"—says FLEECEM in a burst of confidence—"to sail as near to the wind in victualling her kids as anybody in England. I mean," he goes on hastily, feeling apparently that he has been a trifle over-candid—"she is economical. That's all."

Ask, chiefly as matter of form, because I feel sure that this sort of thing won't do for *me*—

"What is the—em—salary?"

FLEECEM rubs his hands together greasily, and replies, "Forty pounds per annum, and all found."

"Thanks!" I say, rising.

"Not taken by the place?" asks FLEECEM, in genuine surprise.

"Not a bit. Taken in by it, rather," I answer.

FLEECEM seems huffed, and asks politely but firmly for the usual fee for registering my requirements—which I find is five shillings. *Query*—Didn't the poet (uncertain which) refer to FLEECEM when he remarked that "Something accomplished, somebody *done*," had earned his night's repose?

"Mr. GLADSTONE was evidently deeply touched by this spontaneous outburst of almost personal affection. He stood with hands folded, head bent down, and *legs quivering.*"—*Extract from Picturesque Report in "Daily News" of Mr. Gladstone at Manchester, December* 3.

[The italics are ours, and the attempt to illustrate the situation, our Artist's.—ED.]

LUXURY FOR PAUPERS.

"At the Chester Board of Guardians yesterday, a discussion took place as to whether, in view of the Christmas dinner, it would be advisable to allow the inmates to have knives to cut their meat. It was explained, that at present the paupers had to tear the meat to pieces with their fingers and teeth. . . . The Rev. O. RAWSON proposed, that they should buy knives and forks . . . Mr CHARMLEY, farmer, opposed the proposal . . . The motion to hire knives and forks on Christmas Day only was put, and carried by thirteen votes to TEN."—*Standard, December*, 6.

Of the Chester Board of Guardians we are the Upper Ten,
The fair *noblesse* of Chester, and the cult of VERE DE VERE;
And we're conscious of our laviahness—we're deeply conscious—when
The paupers get their dinner at the closing of the year.

With open hospitality we give those beggars meat—
Real meat and genuine gravy—but our noble souls are vexed
When a democratic party votes them forks with which to eat, [next!
As if the brutes were duchesses. They'll give them tooth-picks

Why can't they live like dogs? It's that which keeps the numbers down, [help;
Makes starving women drown themselves before they'll ask our
And serve them right for sinful pride—yes, let the beggars drown,
Or let them take their food like dogs, and tear, and scratch, and yelp.

In the blessed Christmas season we give them actual meat,
What they can want with knives and forks is more than we can see.
We are the Upper Ten, and they're the dirt beneath our feet,
And the dirtier we make them the prouder we shall be.

"LA TOSCA."—The Ecclesiastical Scene in the First Act ought to delight all artistic members of the Church and Stage Guild, if this confraternity still exists. It is the perfection of scenic art. Of the play and its performance I must postpone sending in my little account (such a seasonable phrase!) until I have quite recovered from the effect of supping full of dramatic horrors, and having such a lot of BEERE the last thing at night. *The Man's Shadow* is at the Haymarket, but the Man shudders at the Garrick. A weird success, and the *mise-en-scène* simply perfection. More, anon. YOUR CRITIC ON THE EARTH.

RAPHAEL TUCK gives us a feast of Christmas Cards, a regular good Tuck-in. The newest thing in SOCKL AND NATHAN'S store are the autograph cards. The autographists have not been very happy in their quotations.

GRIFFITH, FARRAN, OKEDEN, AND WELSH, form a quartet of publishers who have produced "*Sing me* (it should have been 'us') *a Song!*" Music by SCOTT GATTY. Too good for ordinary nursery use.

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL MUSIC-HALL DRAMAS.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

MR. PUNCH need hardly remind his readers of his zealous and unremitting efforts in these pages to raise the tone of Music-hall entertainments, and render them the powerful instruments for good which they are so eminently capable of becoming. It is with some humiliation that he confesses that those efforts have up to the present produced no particular results; the ballads and ditties compiled by him for Music-hall *artistes* of every grade of talent have not hitherto been thought worthy of their consideration; no composer has set them to undying harmonies,—and, as a necessary consequence, no vocalist has tried their effect upon a public which in truth is anything but exacting.

Why this has not been done is not for *Mr. Punch* to say, though he may be permitted to hazard some solutions. The "lion comiques" and the "lady serios" doubtless felt that the songs were too long to be committed to memory without a mental strain to which they were not justified in subjecting themselves; they may have felt, too, with much reason, that these so-called "model" ditties were not essentially superior either in literary merit or attractiveness to those by the aid of which they have conquered the popular ear. Or they may even have suspected—how unjustly those who know *Mr. Punch* will decide for themselves—that beneath these innocent ballads lurked some treacherous design to invest the Muse of the Music-Halls with irreverent ridicule. Lastly—though this is almost too wild a supposition to be seriously entertained—it is just possible that they may not have read *Mr. Punch's* poems.

Whatever the true cause of this apathy may be, *Mr. Punch* does not intend to abandon his efforts just yet, and he purposes still from time to time—though possibly at somewhat longer intervals—to offer his little ballads in the hope of eventually finding a sympathetic and appreciative interpreter. But a larger, a more ambitious scheme has lately been engaging *Mr. Punch's* energies—a scheme of which the possibilities are too immense to be gauged at present. The origin of the idea was simple, as are the origins of all great ideas. It so happened that one evening recently, *Mr. Punch* witnessed at a certain Music-Hall that celebrated realistic Sensation Sketch, *The Little Stowaway*. Praise of this grand regenerative production is superfluous; has it not received the sanction and warm approval of the London County Council—to say nothing of less qualified judges of Art, Literature, and Morals? Let it suffice to say that, when *Mr. Punch* saw the little Stowaway settling the stern Captain of the New Zealand liner comfortably in a deck-chair, fortifying him with sherry and cigarettes, and then singing for his edification a marvellous description of the various characters to be encountered in a London "doss-house"—he felt the deep impression made upon the most careless in that audience by the simple truth, the vivid realism of this single incident; he realised, as he had never realised before, that it is dramas such as these for which the democracy have so long been pining. Music-hall audiences are not really frivolous—they are fully as earnest, as fond of seeing virtue rewarded, and vice punished, as their brethren in the Pit and Gallery of the Adelphi—only they like to see it all done well under the half hour, and they prefer their drama veiled in the idealising mists of tobacco-smoke. The tyranny of the law has baffled this yearning of theirs in all but a very few Music-Halls; but these arbitrary distinctions will soon be swept away, and then upon the variety stage will dawn the sun of a new and yet more glorious Elizabethan era!

Who will be the Marlowe of the Music-Halls, the Beaumont and Fletcher of the "Vital Spark," the Shakspeare of the Sensation Sketch?

It has been borne in upon *Mr. Punch* that *he* is the person destined to accomplish this lofty mission. He is moral, instructive, and entertaining; he believes heart and soul in the Music-Hall as an instrument of social reform; he is conscious of a fund of latent dramatic talent which has hitherto been denied an outlet. And, with such endowments, he has not thought himself entitled to shrink from the task, however arduous he may find it, of providing the audiences of the Music-Halls of the near future with dramatic fare suitable to their intellectual and moral requirements.

He has accordingly great pleasure in announcing that he is already engaged in preparing a series of Moral Musical Interludes and Improving Sensation Sketches, which will shortly make their appearance in the pages of *Punch*, and which, it is fondly hoped, will find an abiding home upon the Music-hall boards.

In his first attempt he has been content to follow the lines of the brilliant original to which he has already referred, but, as constant reproductions even of the noblest model end by becoming monotonous, he will in future essay a less ambitious flight, though he ventures to assure his readers that morality and instruction will ever be found the guiding principle of all his pieces. The chief difficulties of course, are—first, that the dramatist is limited to time, and cannot, therefore, observe the unities as strictly as he would wish; next, that the male or female comedian for whom, of course, each sketch must be principally designed will insist upon having the lion's share of the business, and also upon introducing a song and dance somewhere in the dialogue. This is natural enough, but it *does* hamper the action. However, these obstacles have all been satisfactorily met and overcome, in *Mr. Punch's* first Moral Sketch, the title of which will be:

THE LITTLE CROSSING-SWEEPER.

A GRAND SENSATIONAL MUSICAL REALISTIC SKETCH IN TWO SCENES.

Ask for it, and see that you get it.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Now that everyone is thinking of the adventures of STANLEY, MR. HOLT HALLETT's "*A Thousand Miles on an Elephant*," is particularly *à propos*. This feat beats the record, and both the author and his bearer are to be congratulated on having performed a journey that has yet to be rivalled. Mr. HALLETT in a pleasant manner treats of a subject of the greatest national importance. Another work without which no gentleman's library can be considered complete (to quote a hack phrase, which, however, on this occasion, is entirely appropriate), is Mr. JOSEPH FOSTER's *Alumni Oxonienses*, 1715—1886. In four handsome volumes the author gives the Matriculation Register of the University, alphabetically arranged, revised, and annotated. It is worthy to rank with the other books of reference from the same pen, and this is praise indeed.

Boys and girls home for the Christmas vacation will have plenty to read. Mr. FRASER RAE has produced *Maygrove*, which as it is described as a family history, should be welcome in the home circle. Mr. FREDERICK J. CROWEST gives his *Advice to Singers*, that can but add to the harmony of the evening's entertainments. Miss ALICE WEBER tells "a Nineteenth Century story" in a book, which as it is entitled *For Auld Lang Syne*, is rather suggestive of the past than the present. That shade may be mixed with sunshine, the talented author of *Molly Bawn*, sadly recounts *A Life's Remorse* in the regulation three volumes of the circulating library. Mrs. BURNETT SMITH (*née* ANNIE SWAN), tells a Scotch story, which she appropriately "lays at the feet" (see Dedication), of the "Duchess-Dowager of ATHOLE." It is to be hoped that her Grace will pick it up, and use her hands to turn over the pages, which, as the authoress observes, she (the D.-D. of A.) "knows was writ amongst the silent hills." Perhaps we may have a companion novel some day, from the same pen, composed amongst the noisy valleys, consequently more valuable. Mrs. A. C. DICKER has compiled "*A Romance of the Isle of Wight*," under the title of "*A Cavalier's Ladye*," with a final "e," which carries us back to the quaint spelling of those ignorant folks the Roundheads. The heroine, *Mistress Judith Dyllington*, (with the "y") has many pleasant little chats with CHARLES THE FIRST, which will be full of interest to the general reader. Mr. HENRY FRITH (a good literary and artistic name) tells two tales of adventure called *The Opal Mountain* and *The Captain of Cadets*, which should delight, not only Master TOM, but also Messrs. JACK and HARRY. That friend of early manhood, Mr. G. MANVILLE FENN, under the modest title of *Three Boys*, immortalises those talented individuals "the Chiefs of the Clan Mackai." The illustrations to this stirring history are full of spirit, and one, representing the effect of "stepping upon a loose stone," must be seen to be thoroughly appreciated. Another book, that will be loved by the same class of readers, is *The Fortune of Quittentuns* (a name that is perhaps not familiar to everyone), as its author has already bestowed upon an admiring world two popular works, called respectively, *Shadowed by Guilt*, and *The Dead Alive*.

Yet another record of adventure is *The Diamond Hunters of South Africa*, which conjures up a vision of a chase of the most brilliant description. *Eric; or, Little by Little*, is "a tale of Roslyn School" that suggests that "the pleasantest time of our lives" is not always entirely *couleur de rose*. Mr. WALFORD, by calling his novel, *A Sage of Sixteen*, does not disappoint expectation. His story concerns "a little duck," and some rather vulgar seasoning. In *Her Own Way* the talented authoress of *Unclaimed* proves that she can write a worthy companion sketch to that exquisite idyl of hers, *The Red Herring*. Although there is so much of *Ryle* in Mrs. BURTON's *Annabel*, there is nothing to make one seriously angry. That the heroine, a child, does not die in the final chapter, need not cause lasting regret, if it be clearly understood that she is not to survive in the pages of another volume. Finally, there are the Christmas extra numbers of the *Illustrated*, the *Graphic*, *Truth*, the *World*, the *Queen*, the *Sporting and Dramatic*, the *Ladies' Pictorial*, *cum multis aliis*, which must bring delight to mankind in general, and the British Public in particular. To *Mr. Punch's* own popular *Almanack* it is, of course, not necessary to allude, as everyone possesses it.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

HINT FOR THE SKATING SEASON.

THE ADVANTAGE OF HAVING A DUTCH NURSERY-MAID.

RESCUED!

"I am in perfect health, and feel like a labourer of a Saturday evening, returning home, with his week's work done, his week's wages in his pocket, and glad that to-morrow is the Sabbath."—*Mr. H. M. Stanley's Letter to the Editor of "The New York Herald."*

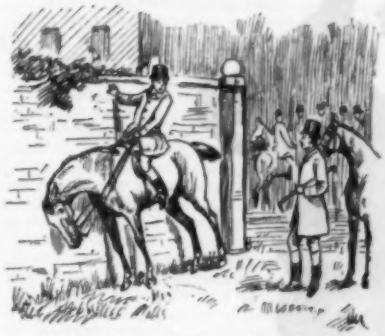
WELL through, and welcome, old friend! Such a labourer seldom returns
To tell us the tale of his toil, and to look for his wage and his rest.
But little we know of it yet, but the heart of the chilliest burns,
And the pulse of sympathy beats in the timidest stay-at-home breast.
The voyage of *Maeldune*, in the Laureate's mellowest song,
Is as nought to the terror and toil of the voyage that *you* have achieved.
O traveller stout and sagacious, O leader, lusty and strong,
Who twice the Dark Continent's dangers have braved and its captive relieved.
When you "gathered your fellows together," like *Maeldune*, three years ago,
Did you dream of the ills and the horrors that waited for you on the way?
The woes of that Congo forest, the fever that laid you low,
And all those terrible throes in the wastes around Wadelai?
Did you dream—but what if you did? There is nothing in dreaming to daunt
A spirit that's set upon duty, a heart that is bold to dare.
Not the flight of the poison-tipped arrow, the fever's feculent haunt,
Or the slow insidious taint of that dreadful Yambuyan lair.
But we who await you at home, *we* dream, with a shuddering dread,
Of the clustering cannibal dwarfs, of the sufferers bloated and scarred,
Of the men who as skeletons strode, of their comrades who sank down dead,
In hundreds out of the hosts who so bravely wandered and warred;
Of the gallant murdered BARTTELOT, of JEPHSON menaced with death,
Of the last surviving officer of the brave Banalya band,
And the terrible story he told that could make even *you* catch your breath;
Of BONNY snatched from death, and of EMIN saved—by your hand.
We dream of the waded swamps, of the sun that scorched like a flame,
Of the maddening throes of fever, the palsying pangs of thirst;
And through all the perils you fought, and through all the horrors you came,
And now like the sun from shadows, again on our view you have burst
With your burden patiently borne, though it fretted a spirit like yours,
With the end of your efforts achieved, and good store of knowledge beside;
The reward of the pluck that dares, of the patience that calmly endures;
And we welcome you back with joy, and will hail you at home with pride!
Rescued! You well may be glad of the peaceful Sabbath of rest
That lies before you at last, that no labourer ever yet earned
More manfully, patiently, well. Brave EMIN, the goal of your quest,
Will lend his tribute, be sure, to the courage that never turned
Before the trials of danger, or those of a long delay,
More wearying yet, perchance, to a resolute soul like you.
But here you front us, at last, fit, gallant, and even gay,
With your head that's erect, though white, and your story so strange, but true!
You have quenched your thirst with blackberries under the burning line;
The Mountains of the Moon of the poets you've seen and know;
You bring the last flower of knowledge from the region strange, yet fine,
Where Ruwenzori, the Cloud King, sits robed in eternal snow.
Hail and bravo, brave STANLEY! Your *Punch*, who knows you of old,
Welcomes you now and thus, back from that terrible land; [old,
And when your foot next touches our shores *he* will not be slow
To follow these welcoming words with the clasp of a welcoming hand!

RESCUED!

I GIVE LITTLE TITTUP A MOUNT.

"Don't mind her; it's only her play,—she's really perfectly quiet."

"Yes, she always did hate wheelbarrows."



"Ah! I expect she's got a fly on her."

"Don't pull at her,—let her make her own pace."

"She's a wonderful performer,—nothing standing can stop her."

"No,—she never did like water."

THE PLAYGROUND IN THE AVENUE.—(BY OUR LITTLE BIT OF A CRITIC.) HOME for the Holidays? Yes! But no Pantomimes yet. So Uncle BULGER said he would take us to the "Playground in the Avenue," which turned out to be a theatre, after all. It was full of children. And there were children on the stage performing a merry piece called *The Belles of the Village*. And, strange to say, they seemed to enjoy doing it, as much as we enjoyed looking at them. How we laughed, and how they looked as if they would like to join in the laughter too. Only the Conductor tapped on his desk, and shook his white wand at them sometimes, to keep them in order. How we revelled in Mr. FITZGERALD'S music to Mr. FOSTER'S happy rhymes, and how we nodded our heads and tapped our feet to the rollicking old English melodies which Grandmamma is so fond of playing sometimes. Didn't FRANK METROP look just like Old Nurse's grandfather, as *Gideon*? Didn't we admire LIZZIE PRIMMER as *Phœbe Bumpus*, and BESSIE GRAVES as *Ruth Ashton*? How we delighted in FRED ALLWOOD as *William Green*, and vociferously encored his hornpipe! Were we not charmed with LIZZIE DUNGATE, ANNIE FIEBER, and BESSIE COLMAN, who pretended to be *Squire Fairfield*, *Captain Plume*, and *Sergeant Pike*? And did we not laugh loudly at ALFRED BOVILL, who looked a real crusty old man as *Beadle Bumpus*? Something like Papa when he cannot find his gloves before he is going out in the morning. Besides all this were the Two ROSES. ROSE BEGARNIE—"a ROSE by any other name," said Uncle B., "could not dance as well, unless it were ROSE KILNER, and she was certainly marvellous in her grace, finish, and dexterity." Besides this, there were watchmen, gipsies, villagers, haymakers, fairies, bright dresses, pretty ballets, and merry choruses. We were sorry when it was over, and felt inclined to ask M. MARIUS "for more," only Uncle BULGER promised to take us somewhere to dine, and however good the Play may be, it never does to be late for dinner.

TOMMY ON MUSEUMS.

As a Mausoleum
To a palace of chasten'd fun,
Is the British Museum
To charming South Kensington.
You go to the former
With people you rather bar,
Who wax no warmer,
However agreeable you are;
Whose venom'd wonder,
If you lightly open your lips,
Like fossil thunder,
Shivers your fine-spun quips.
And even more so
If you honestly venture to say
That a batter'd torso
Would look much better away.

When you have gulp'd your
Comfortless coffee or soup,
You scan the sculpture,
Single, or posed in a group;
And dust of mummy
Has got such a hold on your brain,
That you think your tummy
Will never be cheerful again,
And you wonder however
The landed sculptors of old,
Undoubtedly clever,
Such soulless studies could mould.
But, thank goodness,
The insects no longer recline
In their camphor'd woodness
And creepy spirits of wine.
For fusty antiquities
Are joyous as April's gales
To the crawling Iniquities,
Horrid with nippers and scales.

But at Kensington straightway
A delicate charm is spread,
From the entrance gateway
Till you dream of it all in bed.
The people you go with
Are so conducive and fair,
That you 'd like to show with
Them always, and everywhere.
With their happy chatter,
Their fancies pretty and keen,
And laughs that flatter
The happy silence between;
Their sun-bright faces,
And girlhood's dignity sweet,
Like Grecian Graces
Out for a godlike treat.
The dainty grill-room
With culture and comfort shines,
And you find you 've still room
For further viands and wines.
And your waist grows tighter
In a bountiful moonled way,
And eyes are brighter,
And brighter the things we say.

O musty mummies,
O classical dignity cold,
O soulless dummies
Of Orient empires old!
Here gem and statue,
Panel and carven shrine,
Are looking at you
With sympathy all divine.
No cardboard, nor camphor,
No moth-fretted ghosts of beasts,
And the long-dry amphor
Is gay with remember'd feasts.
And I give my graces
Their pick of jewel and gem,
Of priceless laces
And picture and diadem;
And their sunny faces
Are dearer than all of them.

WE can recommend KATE GREENAWAY'S *Book of Games*—not yet played out.

MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 11.

A FORECAST—SAY, FOR THIS TIME NEXT YEAR.

THE agitation of the Curates for an annual stipend of not less than £300, has culminated in their determination, arrived at yesterday afternoon, to abstain from visiting their respective Churches and doing duty on Sunday next. It is said that 7000 Vicars and Rectors who are in sympathy with the movement have intimated their intention of manifesting it by also joining the lock-out. There are other matters under dispute beyond the mere question of pay. "One Service a week, one Sermon a month!" has now become a party cry. It is calculated that 15,000 churches of the Establishment will therefore not open their doors to their congregations next Sunday.

The Legal Profession, following in the footsteps of the Church, has struck for higher fees; and the Judges, forced by the pressure put on them by leading Queen's Counsel, have joined the "Amalgamated Lawyers' Union." A Solicitor, who was caught yesterday seeing a client who had managed to evade the notice of the local pickets, was denounced as a black-leg, and hooted by a mob of yelling Attorneys, who followed him with threatening gestures till he eventually made his escape into Chancery Lane.

The Medical Profession has not been slow to be influenced by the general strife of the Church and Bar; and yesterday, at a mass-meeting, held outside Guy's Hospital, it was unanimously decided that the three-guinea fee should be the minimum, and that all medical men should join in a general lock-out forthwith, declining to see any patient at a lower rate. It was further agreed that these terms be presented in the form of an ultimatum to the Committee of Invalids, who have hitherto conducted negotiations on the part of the general public, and represented them in the matter.

There was some talk last night of the probability of a strike in both the Houses of Lords and Commons. This will probably startle Society into an endeavour to find some means of adjusting the disputes between Capital and Labour other than that supplied by an immediate recourse to obstructive combination.

BLACKIE AND SON give us, among other publications, *The Hermit Hunter of the Wilds*. Beautiful title! Fancy a "Hermit Hunter," and fancy "the Wilds,"—OSCAR included. It is by GORDON STABLES, which sounds horsey. It is full of novel adventures, and STABLES has not been fore-stalled.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

"IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, MAY I HAVE AN *EXEAT* FROM MONDAY TILL WEDNESDAY—TO ATTEND THE FUNERAL OF MY GREAT AUNT!"

"OH—A—OF COURSE YOU MUST GO; BUT, I CONFESS, I WISH IT HAD BEEN A NEARER RELATIVE!"

STATESMEN AT HOME.

DCXXXVIII. MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN AT HIGHBURY, MOOR GREEN, BIRMINGHAM.

THE limpid waters of the River Trent, finest trout-stream in the Midlands, rush impetuously through peaty meadows to fertilise the land where, twenty years ago, JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN set up his ancestral home. Except, perhaps, on Sunday afternoons, when the turgid tide of Birmingham pours its thousands along the broad highway, or when crowds assemble to witness Marquises and Dukes repairing in gilt carriages to dwell for awhile with your host, there are few more tranquil spots in England than the broad expanse of low-lying pasture-land which girdles Highbury, bounded in the distant North by the Derbyshire Hills, and on the South by the thickets of the great Metropolis of the Midlands.

In the busy world, JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN is known as a great Parliament man, a trusted guide in political campaign, a Statesman towering among his peers. At home, in the quiet glades of Highbury, he puts aside the garb and the habits of thought of the man of the world, and lives the sweet and simple life of the English country gentleman. As he saunters down the walk, eager to meet you, you notice his stalwart form clad in a close-fitting velvet coat with a low-crowned serviceable hat, the tanned gaiters well-rubbed on the saddle-side, bearing evidence of many a well-ridden field. In his hands he carries a riding-crock, with which he lightly beats off the yearning leaves of the lingering maple, which, blushing red at the memories of wanton Autumn, still linger in the lap of Winter.

Highbury has been in the CHAMBERLAIN family for more than three centuries. The mansion bears in its many-sidedness evidence of the strong individuality of successive sires. As your host with a shrill "view Halloa!" lightly jumps across the grassy moat, he points to a beetling barbican, on which to this day in the strong sunlight may be discerned the motto of RICHARD DE CHAMBERLAYNE, who lived in the spacious times of Queen ELIZABETH, and oddly enough formed a close connection with the CECIL family, renewed in these later times by a still more illustrious scion of the Warwickshire race. The noble avenue of elms that faces the back portico was planted in a single day by JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, who came over with WILLIAM and MARY, and who took such a bold stand against his Royal master and friend when WILLIAM of Orange hesitated to yield to the popular demand that he should disband his Dutch Guards, and disperse the regiments of French fugitives who hustled British citizens in the precincts of the Court of St. James's.

The scent of many flowers comes in from the old-time garden as your host, ascending the rustic staircase, takes you past his study-window into the parlour, separated from the dining-room only by heavy tapestry curtains, on which is inwrought by hands long chill the story of the taking of Namur. Seated in this boudoir-like room, with its walls distempered in pale fawn colour, a frieze of faded green running below the corniced ceiling, and the floor coyly covered with blue-green felt, you have time to notice the portraits which lend grace and dignity to the walls. They are all family portraits.

"The party in the parlour, I call them," says your host, pleasantly, looking round; "all silent, and all—framed."

There is Mr. KENRICK, M.P., one of JAN STEIN'S finest works; POWELL WILLIAMS, M.P., in VANDYCK'S earlier manner. (Notice the delicacy with which the back of the hand is limned.) Perhaps the most interesting picture in the collection is the portrait of Mr. JESSE COLLINGS. This is a pastoral piece, the graceful figure of the Hon. Member being discovered softened by the misty perspective of three acres. He is wrapped in purple, with a garland of mingled corn and poppy hanging pendulous from his neck. His right hand rests gently on the neck of a cow—the cow by PETER PAUL RUBENS.

"I always feel at home here," your host says, standing with his legs astride on a handsome Persian rug, by the marvellous marble mantle-piece. "There is no one to contradict me. I am a person of few prejudices and of no strong likes or dislikes; but I must admit to a desire to have things go exactly as I fix them. You can

do anything you like with me if you only let me have my own way. But if you come to set up your notions in contradiction of mine, I will not answer for the consequences. How sweet it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! Here," he continued, glancing round at the portraits of the party, "we are all one; and that one is Me."

Alderman JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., throws himself on to the low-seated ottoman, quaintly and conveniently fitted with three-century-old Dutch tiles, and, lighting an eighteenpenny cigar, whose blue smoke curls quaintly upwards through the chill November sunlight that falls indiscriminately on Welsh dower-chests, corner cupboards blackened with age, Persian rugs, and Lisle posset-pots, tells you the story of his life. Retiring from the sordid cares of business whilst still a comparatively young man, your host, firmly fixing his eyeglass, resolved to devote himself to public affairs. Entering the Town Council, he rapidly rose to the dizzy heights of the Aldermanic grade, and thence stepped lightly into the Mayor's chair. His boundless ambition, not satiated even with this, led him still onward, till he reached the House of Commons, and so passed by leaps and bounds into the position of a Cabinet Minister. Your host passes lightly over his triumphs in the Senate, and only modestly touches on his admission to the charmed circle of the Gentlemen of England, and to intimate acquaintance with Marquises, Dukes, &c. His heart, untravelled, fondly turns to home, and he prefers to talk of his daily life in these quiet glades. He is evidently prouder of the magnificent field of mangel-wurzels that skirts the carriage-drive than of "The Unauthorised Programme," and cares more for the flock of Hampshire sheep browsing on his green pastures than he does for all the clauses of the Bankruptcy Bill.

"Sometimes, TOBY," your host says, "I think of leaving London to itself, and letting the world rattle round without me. I am sick of the turmoil, and sorry to see great people going wrong because they have declined my advice. When the buzz of the applauding multitude rings loudest in my ears, I turn with fondest regard to this quiet spot. TEMPLE, still in the prime of life, retired to Sheen to cultivate roses. Why should I not withdraw to Highbury to look after my mangel-wurzels, and dwell unthwarted and uncontradicted among my own party?"

There is a far-away look in the eyes of your host, which, perhaps unconsciously, rests upon the doorway, and, taking the hint, you make your adieux, leaving the Squire of Highbury brooding over his half-formed resolutions.

AMONG THE AMATEURS.

No. I.—ANTICIPATION.

SCENE—*The Smoking-room of a Country House. Month, November. Time of day,* 11·30 P.M. *The usual furniture and fittings—easy chairs, sofas, light and sporting literature. A large table, loaded with drinkables, stands in a convenient place; a cheerful fire blazes in the grate; the air is scented with tobacco-smoke. Round the fire are seated four guests*—Lord SURBITON, *the host,* Captain HARDRUP, *a sporting soldier,* Mr. H. T. PENFOLD, *a sporting literary man,* Mr. DIGBY MASON, *a man of the world, and* BILLY WINTHROP, *a newly-fledged Barrister, who finds that the cares of his profession permit him occasionally to indulge in a little shooting. In a remote corner four other guests, Amateur Actors, particular friends of* Lady SURBITON'S, *herself a "distinguished Amateur," are discussing, with many gestures, a subject of apparently the gravest import. Two of them,* The Hon. BUCKSTONE BOLDERO, *and* Mr. TIFFINGTON SPINKS, *elderly and experienced Amateurs; the other two,* CHARLIE GUSHBY, *and* HARRY HALL (*usually known as* "Music" HALL, *from his devotion to Comic Songs*), *are still comparatively young.*

Captain H. (*laying down the "Sportsman" with a yawn*). I see *Aristocrat's* gone back to 20 to 1. Never can make out what the fellows in that stable are after. It's a poor business, backing horses. (*Drinks.*) Where do you shoot to-morrow, SURBITON?

Lord S. The Warren to-morrow. We may get a stray pheasant, too. You held pretty straight to-day, HARDRUP.

Captain H. Yes, pretty fair. But, dash it! you know we ought to have had two more guns to cover the ground. Why didn't GUSHBY and BOLDERO turn out? They were rigged out to the nines in patent Norfolk jackets, and boots and gaiters that would have made your keeper green with envy. What have they been up to all day?

Mr. Digby Mason. My dear HARDRUP, do you mean to say you really don't know? Why, they told us last night they hadn't got their great scene in the Second Act of *Heads or Tails* quite perfect. As soon as I heard that, I knew they wouldn't come out to-day. My wife told me they were at it in the drawing-room the greater part of the morning. But just look at them now.

[*All this moment* SPINKS *and* GUSHBY, *who are supposed to be rivals for fame in refined comedy, have quarrelled, and turned their backs on one another. The other two are endeavouring to make peace.*

Penfold. Good heavens! did you ever see anything so ridiculous? But they're like that all day long. First, BOLDERO bores you to death with his confounded imitations of TOOLE; then that idiot HALL sings you out of your senses with ARTHUR ROBERTS and water—precious poor water, too; next, when you're trying to get off a letter or two, that confounded young GUSHBY tells you he wants to consult you about a matter of life and death, which turns out to be merely the question whether he or SPINKS ought to take the leading part in the comedy they're going to play at Windbury, and, last of all, old SPINKS, who ought to know better, comes and tells you that dramatic criticism is a lost art, and that if everybody had his deserts he would be making £100 a week at the Haymarket at this moment. You can't get away from an amateur. I've been trying to do it for ten years, and I've failed miserably. They haunt you worse than any ghost I ever read about.

Lord S. Come, come, they're not quite so bad as all that. And after all, they're very obliging.

Billy W. Oh! dashed obliging. The other day HALL wanted me to sing a comic duet with him, and it turned out that I was to be kicked twice in each verse, and in the last to be chucked off the stage. No thank you. I'd rather go before old FIELD in Chambers any day of the week. [*They drink, and puff cigars. Conversation continuing in remote corner.*

Tiffington Spinks. Well, I've only one thing to say. I've played that kind of part for the last twenty years. Now, honestly, BOLDERO, how is it possible that anyone can know the business better than I do? The idea's absurd. KENDAL'S all very well, and perhaps WYNDHAM might manage it; but even they are both machine-made—that's what they are.

Gushby. Well, BOLDY, you heard what Mrs. DASHWOOD said last week? Why, there wasn't a dry eye in the house when I played it. The housemaid cried so much she couldn't see to dust the furniture for two days, and the butler was carried out of the room in convulsions. However, I don't mind. Do what you like. I only thought you ought to know.

Boldero (*perplexed*). Quite right, and I'm much obliged to you, of course. Still (*with a wink to* GUSHBY), I think SPINKS ought to play it. You must take *Tom Tilbury;* there are some first-class lines in that, and you'll do it better than any amateur of the day. As for the Pros, there isn't one of them could get near you.

Gushby (*soothed*). Very well; I'll do what I can. What's HALL to do?

Hall. Oh, I've written up that scene in the Third Act, and brought in a song, which *must* fetch 'em. This is how it goes:—

(*Sings*). "The Boy in Buttons he said to me,
'What is the meaning of O.D.V.?
If O.D.V. isn't all my I,
Why, blow me tight, but I'd like to try,
What would happen if I was to make so free
As to ask for a tumbler of O.D.V.?'

"Says I to the Boy in Buttons, 'Lor,
Whatever on earth do you take me for?
You'd better be careful and stick to swipes,
Or you'll see some stars and suffer some stripes.
For I know it's a case of U.B.D—
—d if you ask for a tumbler of O.D.V.'"

Boldero, *Spinks*, *Gushby* (*ecstatic*). That's simply splendid; HALL, you're a genius.

Captain H. (*with more candour than politeness*). Well, I'm blessed if I can listen to all that tommy-rot any longer. I'm off. Good-night, SURBITON. [*Lights candle.*

Billy W. (*shortly*). Wait a bit, I'm with you. [*Lights candle.*

Penfold., *Mason.* So am I. Good night, SURBITON. [*Both light candles.*

Lord S. (*As the host, sotto voce*). I call it mean of you chaps to desert me. However, good-night.

[*Exeunt* WINTHROP, PENFOLD, MASON, *and* HARDRUP *to bed.* Lord SURBITON *sinks to sleep on a sofa. The Four Amateurs continue their discussion until, owing to the drowsiness of three of the party, the fourth begins to talk about himself exclusively, when they rise,* 2 A.M., *awake their host and retire.*

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